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VOL. XVIII.

WASHINGTON, D.C. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1900

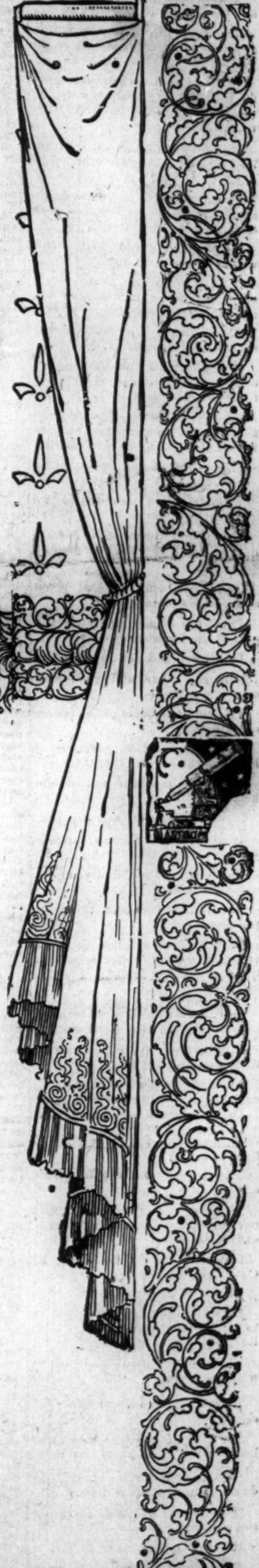
NO. 38.



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THE REPUBLICAN DELEGATE TO THE NATIONAL
CONVENTION. ELECTED BY OVER 7000.



COL. J. W. LYONS.
ELECTED DELEGATE FROM GEORGIA.





BY THE WAY

You never see your mistakes until it is too late.

Some people have an idea that they have more sense than others.

We often go to those for help we have abused.

Always treat your neighbor right and then you will never regret it.

The world is in a commotion and it is doubtful what the result will be.

Don't forget what you say to your friend because when he meets you, you may tell him something else.

The Bee has troubles of its own without taking up other people's.

If your friend is in trouble don't ask some one else to aid him but do what you can yourself.

Your mother is your best friend when you are in trouble.

John F. Cook will have to do something better than he is doing if he wants votes.

Going among the bishops will not aid him in the least.

Men who go about looking for other people's affairs often leave their own undone.

There is no need of apprehension because the assistant superintendent looks after the supplies.

He is only doing what other people fail to.

People who are made to do are not worthy of support.

Taylor is Governor of Kentucky, notwithstanding the Democratic kick.

Goebel got what he had given and nothing more.

There was no conspiracy on the part of the Republican party.

Think well and act accordingly.

It is the noble and good man who succeeds.

You may fool some of the people sometimes.

Roosevelt would be governor of Kentucky if he were there.

Don't be alarmed if you should hear a noise.

Be what you are it will pay you.

It is not fair to misrepresent your friend.

Dame honesty will find you out sooner or later.

The truth is the best thing to practice.

John F. Cook will not be convinced how small a man he is until he announces himself a delegate.

He will see the difference between himself and the man he abused.

It is the man with false ambitions who fails to win.

An earthquake will strike North Carolina one of these days.

Te money you earn keep it in a bank.

An ancient once said "Put money in thy purse."

The deceitful man is a treacherous man.

The Hawaiian government will have one Chief Justice and one associate Justice.

It is about time that John F. Cook had retired.

He is a back number politician.

He will be given an opportunity to verify his statement to Judge Long.

He is a wise man who knows when to speak.

They want to see something in sight.

Speaking of men, the man who knows when to speak is the man.

Col. L. M. Saunders is still in doubt as to what he will do.

Of course he will not serve on the committee.

He is a man of his word.

The colored people don't want John B. Wight renominated.

Mr. Darnell the democratic Assessor doesn't want to be classed as a democrat.

No man should be ashamed of his company, when it is good.

WALCOTT WEAKENED.

He Didn't Want to Buy Wine, But He Was Compelled To.

Joe Walcott had an experience at Corbett's place at New York the other night, which serves to make him more careful about making offers to buy wine. Walcott knew that colored people are not wanted at Corbett's, and after indulging liberally in wine, bought by his manager, Tom O'Rourke, and some sports, Joe remarked:

"I'd just like to buy all of you gentlemen a quail wine, but, mah word, they won't let no colored man buy nothing here. Ah feel right mean not to be able to reciprocity you all's drinks."

Just then John R. Considine who has a half interest in the place, came along, and O'Rourke, winking, remarked:

"Say, John, break your rule once, and let Joe buy. He wants to, and his money's good."

"Well, seeing that you ask the favor, Joe can go as far as he likes this time," said Considine.

Joe turned ashen at the prospect of buying wine for the party, which now numbered fully a dozen. He tried to edge out.

"Ah'm feelin' kindy faint. I guess that 'ere wine goin' to make me sick. I've got to get fresh air."

"No, you don't!" cried the bunch. It's an honor for you to be allowed to buy for us. Do you want to spend your money with colored folks?"

"Good Gwad, no! I don't get no money often colored folks. De white folks keeps me."

"You said you wanted to buy—were you four-flushing? Be game," said O'Rourke sternly.

"Well, Mistah O'Rourke, to done tell de tru, I's disremembered dat I ler my money at home. I ain't got de price. I fully appreciate de honah you do me."

"Don't speak to me again. You are a deuce in a discarded deck," said O'Rourke. Some one bought, and Walcott laughed. He was not offered a drink, and no one spoke to him.

Then he weakened.

"I's a poor man, but I'll jest buy de wine for de crowd. It's goin' to break me, but you're all my friends."

It took four quarts to satisfy the thirst of the crowd, and as Joe handed over the bills, drops of perspiration on the top one like dewdrops on the sward.

AN AERIAL FLIGHT.

Extraordinary Adventure of an Italian Peasant Woman.

Teresa Falciola, an Italian peasant woman met recently with an extraordinary adventure. Near her home, in the village of Quarna, which nestles in a spacious valley, is a high and wooded mountain, and there it was her custom to go several times a week for the purpose of collecting firewood.

To bring this wood down from the precipitous mountain to her cottage was quite an arduous task. Therefore, she sent it down by means of a strong metal wire, stretched from the valley up to the mountain top.

A few weeks ago she and her little daughters ascended the mountain, and, after gathering three goodly bundles of wood prepared to send them down. Just, however, as the mother had fastened the first bundle to the wire, and had launched it on its downward course, her wedding ring, which she had caught in the rope with which the bundle was tied, and in a flash she was carried off her feet and swept downward into the valley. Half paralyzed with fear, her little daughters watched her as she sped from their sight with amazing swiftness, and then they ran down the mountain fully expecting to find her lying dead at the end of the wire.

And their fear was quite natural, since the mountain top from which their mother had been torn is eight hundred yards above the valley. Fortunately, their fears proved to be groundless. They found their mother entirely uninjured. Yet, miraculous, indeed, was it that her life had not been crushed out of her at the end of her perilous descent. It would have been if her fall had not been broken before she reached the earth by some friendly branches. The mountain of wood, too, was in some measure a bulwark against the shock.

Pirates Still in Canton.

A daring raid by a body of pirates on one of the Canton jails for the purpose of releasing one of their comrades, who was lying there under sentence of death, was made at the end of October, but the details were suppressed by the local authorities. A band of about eighty pirates attacked the jail and overpowered the warders. They then liberated their comrade and eleven other bandits who were also under sentence of death, and fought their way back to their boats, killing a number of the city trained bands who were called out to intercept them. During the running fight two of the pirates were killed, but the rest got away. The Empress Dowager, on receiving the news of this exploit, though some of the details were concealed from her and from the Viceroy, cashiered the governor of the jail and ordered an inquiry to ascertain whether he was in collusion with the pirates. She also ordered the trial of the local magistrate who was responsible for the security of the prison, and gave him the usual period of three months within which to recapture the liberated criminals and the pirates who released them.—London Times.

Had Three Wives Visit Him.

Jimmy Farrell, who is locked up in the county jail at Detroit, Mich., charged with being disorderly, is a wizard with the ladies. He has a pug nose and red whiskers. Every day three wives call upon him, meeting at the jail and going up to the cell together. All three claim to be his mother, and he does not deny it, receiving their presents of pipes, tobacco, preserves, cakes, etc., with a bored expression. They are known by numbers with the jail officials. No. 1 is a colored woman, No. 2 a prepossessing white woman, and the third is a white woman old enough to be his mother. The strange trio are not jealous, and even greet each other with warmth, and when the daily interview is over leave the jail together, supporting the colored woman, who is a cripple. Farrell was recently stabbed by a jealous colored rival.

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Most Popular

for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and accurate dealing. You will then get a Sewing Machine that is noted as the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is



Light Running

There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of work, parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the

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It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, slides on both sides of needle (patented), other has S. New Stand (patented), driving wheel hinged on adjustable centers, thus reducing friction to the minimum.

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BUTTER, EGGS

AND

CHEESE.

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SPECIALIST.

Doctor Douglas,

508 11th St., n. w.—bet. E and F.

Specialist in Rheumatism and all

Chronic diseases, Consultation free.

Charges low.

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IMPROVED TRUSS.

It adjusts itself so perfectly to the rupture that it is impossible for it to become displaced.

It permits the utmost freedom of motion with perfect safety.

All uncomfortable and injurious steel spring pressure is avoided.

The pad is held in place by woven bands, which retain an equal pressure in all positions of the body.

It can be worn in bed, a great desideratum to the young as tending to a perfect cure.

It is the only suitable truss for children and females.

The proper amount of pressure can be brought to bear and maintained in any position without pinching or harm to the wearer.

It will cure hernia if placed on the patient sufficiently early.

Excepting umbilical, it is the best truss ever offered for all kinds of hernia.

It is so perfect and comfortable in its adjustment that the patient in a short time forgets he is wearing it. (See the certificate of Mr. Daniel Johnson.)

Sent postage paid to any address on receipt of price: \$3 for single and \$4 for double truss.

In ordering, give location of hernia, right or left side, and measurement.

Satisfaction given. Money refunded when the truss is returned in good order. Address:

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Room 15, 609 F St., N. W.

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Northwest.

George & Co., 908 7th street, northwest, is where you will find the best goods. Take your boys there and say The Bee sent you. Mr. George is an affable and just man to the people.

BEAT THE DEAL BOX.

How a Young Gambler Quit While He Was a Winner.

"I see gambling is running wide open in Colorado again," said Walter Harris, a cattleman of Topeka. "I don't suppose, though, it is as wide open now as it was in the late '30s. I was in Manitoba every summer at that time, and the high games that used to run at some of the clubs would be an eye-opener to the gamblers of the present day. Cattlemen were making money then, as were the miners, and they used to meet in Manitoba and try for each other's pocketbooks, with the result that the professional gamblers got the money."

"I remember how one young fellow was made to quit a winner against his will. His name was Rich. He was a nephew of one of the big reaper men, and his folks kept him supplied with money, a regular allowance. He had been gambling every cent of it, letting bills pile up for hotel and livery and everything else. His people sent word that they wouldn't send any more money, and said if he got into trouble he'd have to get out himself. His creditors were just about ready to jump onto him, when one night he made a big winning. He was playing faro in the club that's torn down now. It used to stand over from the depot, and was the place for high play."

"I suppose he had \$4,000 or \$5,000 in front of him when his friends began trying to persuade him to quit. He was just like all the rest of them, going to break the bank, and all that sort of thing, and he wouldn't quit."

"It was a red-hot night for Manitou, and with the excitement and all Rich had pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. There was a doctor among his friends, and, though he hadn't said anything to Rich, I suppose he felt a responsibility, because the young fellow had come out here for his health, and had been referred to the Manitou doctor by the doctor he had at home."

"I was watching the play, though I didn't know any of the people. I saw the doctor turn his back to the crowd for a few minutes and fiddle with something he had taken from his pocket. Then he walked over to Rich and put his hand on his bare arm. 'You need a sedative,' he said. Quick as a flash he took the hypodermic syringe he had in his pocket and fired a charge into Rich's arm."

"Rich said 'ouch,' and grabbed at the place where he had been pricked, but the deal was going on and he turned to that again. Before half the cards were out his head settled on the table, he commenced to draw good, long breaths and was asleep."

"The doctor took the chips, cashed them in, then he took and wrote a receipt for the money and gave it to another friend of Rich's to keep. Then he took Rich, loaded him into a carriage, took him up to his office and watched over him until he came around the next day. Rich paid his bills, but he did no more gambling at Manitou. They wouldn't let him play again."—Denver Republican.

A DAGGER FELL.

And Stabbed a Lady in the Theatre Below.

There are two tiers of boxes in the Comedie Francaise, Paris, in which the ladies wear fine dresses. The lower tier projects further into the body of the house than the upper, so that any object, falling from the latter, might readily strike a person sitting in the former. While Perrot, the tenor, was revelling in his piercing high notes the other night, a much bejeweled woman, one of the boxes in the second tier, chanced to lean over the rail to gaze at the orchestra stalls. The movement shook a piece of jewelry from her hair, and it fell swiftly into the box beneath. Under some circumstances the ornament would have been lost, but it so happened that it found a sweet and safe resting place. A fresh, big-eyed beauty in the lower box suddenly startled her friends by clutching her pretty neck and exclaiming: "Oh, I think I'm stabbed!"

Everybody bent solicitously toward her, demanding to know

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12:25 P. M. DAILY—P. V. Limited—Solid train for Cincinnati. Pullman sleepers to Cincinnati, Lexington and Louisville without change. Observation Car. Pullman Compartment Car to Virginia Hot Springs, without change. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Daily connection for the Springs. Sleepers Cincinnati to Chicago and St. Louis.
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SEWING MACHINE
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I DON'T BUY WILL HERE AFTER.
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Of the finest brands,
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Meals at all hours, and Game in Season.
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Terms: \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.
\$7 to \$12 per week
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These patterns are sold in nearly every city and town in the United States. If your dealer does not keep them, send direct to us. One cent stamps received. Address your nearest post.
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THE COLLIE AND SHEEP.

Wonderful Sagacity Shown in the Care of Flocks.

The sheep dogs in this country come by their nature and training honestly, for either they or their ancestors came from the sheep-dotted hills of England, Scotland or Wales, where for generations past the supreme effort of the shepherd has been to produce a perfect sheep dog. They have succeeded well, for no man could expect them in sheep lore, no man could be more useful to the sheep owner, for man is neither so persistent and agile, possesses such endurance, or is so gentle under training and reproof. The dog doesn't reason as to the why and wherefore of his affection, for the worst sort of a brutal shepherd may have the most faithful dog, one that will mind the sheep on the hills, patiently await his master's coming and guide his reeling footsteps to his home.

On the great plains of the west these dogs have made it possible for one man to care for three or four thousand sheep in one flock. All they ask is a bite to eat, and once in a while when their feet are filled with the sharp thorns of the cactus they will come to have them taken out. There is no value on a well-trained sheep dog. A trophy is the sheep takes the prizes at the bench show is beautiful to look at, but this homelier brother, the trained dog of the range, is worth more than he is beyond price. The sheep owner holds him as beyond purchase. The sheep herder who falls so low as to part with his companion is yet to be found, and if the dog were to be bought the buyer might rue his bargain, for the master must go with the dog.

In the new country the work of the sheep dog is hard; it is on a big scale. In the old country the work is easier, but it has its finer points. In the new country the dog may drive two thousand sheep; in the old country a dog may drive three or four, which takes more thought and skill. In the old country the feature of every country fair is a sheep district is the sheep trials. A trophy is the sheep wins, and the shepherds and their dogs come from afar to try for the cup. The dog that carries away the trophy may be a little, short-haired, homely and insignificant brute, which looks to the heels of his master like a creature of no spirit, but send him after the sheep and his whole character seems to change. He is slow and gentle or quick and bold, as the sheep may require. His whole attitude is tense and nervous. No human being could manifest a greater responsibility.—Kansas City Star.

Fewer Lynchings.
Probably ninety-nine newspaper readers out of every hundred, if asked for their impressions at the end of 1899, would have said that they supposed there had been more cases of lynching in this country last year than in any previous twelvemonth. It is therefore a pleasant surprise to find that the statistician of the Chicago Tribune, who has kept track of the figures for many years, can report that the record was really the smallest since 1885. There is no explanation of the apparent mystery which is not generally thought of. Public sentiment against lynching has been growing steadily throughout the country, and especially in the south, where the practice has been most common. The result is that the press gives much greater publicity to reports of all such outrages now than formerly, and 107 cases during 1899 consequently attracted more attention than would twice as many fifteen years ago.—N. Y. Evening Post.

What He Wanted.
There was an enterprising Liverpool tailor who has never been known to acknowledge that he didn't have anything a possible customer might ask for. One day a customer entered the shop and asked if he had any trousers made especially for one-legged men. "Certainly," replied the merchant. "What kind do you want?" "Dress trousers," said the man. "The best you've got." Hurrying to the rear of the store, the enterprising merchant snatched up a pair of trousers and snipped off the right leg. Hastily turning under the edges he presented them to the customer. "That's the kind I want. What's the price?" "One guinea." "Well give me a pair with the left leg off." A month later the merchant was pronounced convalescent and on the high road to recovery.—London Tit-Bits.

American Locomotive Building.
As an instance of the speed with which work can be executed by one of our great American locomotive firms, it is worth noting that an order was given on Dec. 16, 1897, for forty Mogul locomotives for two Russian railways. The first of the forty was erected and tried under steam on Jan. 5, 1898, three weeks after the receipt of the order, and was finished, ready to dismantle and pack for shipment one week later. The last engine was completed on Feb. 13. The forty engines were then constructed in about eight weeks, besides twenty-eight additional engines on other orders built in the works, wholly or partially, and shipped during the same period. No wonder the Americans have gained a reputation for smartness.—Cassier's Magazine.

Mushrooms for the Million.
What is claimed to be the largest mushroom house in America is being built on the John Wyeth farm, near West Chester, Pa. It will be equipped with four tiers of beds for the growing of mushrooms, giving a total area of 196,650 square feet for the purpose.

Tons of Flowers Used.
Vast quantities of flowers are gathered for perfumery purposes. It is estimated that each year 1,850 tons of orange flowers are used, besides 320 tons of roses, 150 tons each of violets and jasmine, 75 tons of tuberoses, 30 tons of cassia and 15 tons of Jonquills.

Weight of London Fog.
Every day there hangs over London a vast smoke cloud that is estimated to weigh about 300 tons.

THE CASCADE TUNNEL.

Trains Will Be Running Through the Mountain by 1900.

The Cascade tunnel of the Great Northern, one of the great railroad tunnels of the west, is rapidly nearing completion. The tunnel will be 13,253 feet in length, and its cost will exceed \$13,000,000.

This tunnel has been excavated at a point where the Cascade range is the highest, and the distance from the roof of the tunnel to the pinnacle of the mountain through which it runs is 2,300 feet. The contractors have broken all records for tunneling. Work was begun in January, 1897, and by Oct. 1 next the tunnel will be turned over to the Great Northern fully completed. It will take about thirty days to lay the track and get trains running after the tunnel is finished.

The contractors are now working two camps, one at each end. Wellington is the western end and Cascade the eastern. On Jan. 1 the tunneling had progressed 4,700 feet on the Wellington end and 4,300 feet on the Cascade end. This leaves 5,253 feet yet to be completed. Seven hundred and fifty men in all are employed, and are driving about ten feet a day on each end. The men are worked in three shifts of eight hours each, and fourteen drills are employed by each crew. The tunnel will be uniform in size all the way through, 34 feet high and 30 feet wide. The drilling is being followed up by the concrete work, so that shortly after the tunnel is cut this portion of the work will be finished. Seventy men are employed in each shift to do the tunneling, about 150 are employed at the concrete work and about fifty engineers and helpers are engaged.

When the tunnel is turned over to the Great Northern the cars will be operated through it by electricity, or some smokeless device that may yet be adapted to the work. President Hill has found nothing that promises to appear to offer more desirable service than an electric motor. The old switchback road which climbs and crosses the Cascade mountains near the new tunnel, will give place to the new and short route via the tunnel by the end of 1900.

JOE JEFFERSON'S NAP.

Effect It Had Upon an Irish Hotel Porter.

A good story is told of an experience of Joseph Jefferson, the great actor. A number of years ago he played a one-night engagement in a small Indiana town, appearing in his favorite part of Rip Van Winkle. In the hotel in which he stopped was an Irishman "recently landed," who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the deep and serious interest he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor, rolled into one.

At about 6 o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on the door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no "call" order at the office he was naturally very indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose and soon after appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded of that individual, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?" "I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike." The Irishman was summoned. Said the clerk: "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk by the lapel of the coat the Irishman led him to one side and said, in a mysterious whisper: "He were shoring loike a horse, sir, and O'd heerd the b'ys saying as how he was once after shapling for twenty years, so O'd I sed to Mose, O'd Moke, it's a coming onto him agin, and it's yer juty to git the crayther out o' yer house instantly!"—Leslie's Weekly.

Texas Under Six Flags.

Scarcely another state in the union has as remarkable an interesting a history as Texas. In one respect at least it occupies a unique position in the history of American states. Since its discovery six different governments have at different times claimed its allegiance and as many different flags have waved over it, those of France, Spain, Mexico, Independent Texas, the United States and the Confederate States. The foundation of Texas statehood was not laid as a British colony, nor under the grant or control of the British crown, as were those of the original thirteen states. Its first settlement dates back more than two hundred years ago, and its first American colonists were there under terms and conditions imposed by a foreign state, to whose language, laws and institutions they were total strangers.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Willy Native.

"Nothing," says a man who spent many years in South Africa, gives a native greater pleasure than to recall the countenance of a white man when he knows the latter wants information. For a piece of tobacco he will trump up an exciting story, and for an extra quarter he will lay it on thickly. I have often seen them at this game, their eyes twinkling with delight while they have been imparting some confidential statement to myself and others; and it is quite clear that they are making wild statements as to these supposed battles and the terrible loss of life which has been inflicted upon the enemy."

She Can Boast.

Philadelphia can boast of the longest smoothly asphalted street in the world. Broad street has that distinction. It is the only street which is of even width for eleven miles, and this width is the greatest ever attained by any street for a course of eleven miles. It is also the straightest street, for from League Island to the county line it does not vary an inch, except where the great city building causes the building to turn around it. Seven miles of the street are asphalted, but the remainder is provided with a bed of fine macadam, which is about twenty miles further on.

Shoesoles Eight Feet Thick.

We wear away two inches of shoe leather in a year. A pair of shoes that would "last a lifetime" would, consequently, have to be provided with soles from 8 feet to 9 feet thick.

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THE GALLED JADE WINCES.

The old expressions "a naught is a naught and a figure is a figure, all for the white man and none for the nigger," and "you take the turkey-buzzard and I take the turkey or I take the turkey and you take the turkey-buzzard" are singularly exemplified in the present political embroglio.

By a perfect understanding and common consent the National Committee were to devise a plan for choosing delegates for the convention. Many plans of varying merit were proposed and fully discussed.

Arguments were free and full and a conclusion was reached by the National Committee which was unanimously concurred in by the legally constituted representatives of the District. The conclusion was the adoption of the plan which has been published fully and freely and which was carried out fairly and squarely.

Since the adoption of the plan many persons have seen fit to criticize and condemn it. The principal objection is that sufficient time was not given to properly canvass the District. This objection is not tenable. Pray, how much time is really necessary to enable an intelligent person to determine his choice of delegates?

Another objection is that there was not sufficient clerical force to register the voters, as they present themselves. This is purely and can find no justification, if we are to believe that the elections in the states are fair. In towns of as many as 15,000 and 20,000 inhabitants, and under the tedious system of Australian ballot, the people vote and register at the same time.

It is nonsense to suppose that we can not do as well. Another objection is that there is no appeal from the decision of the Returning Board. A high joint commission passing upon the qualifications of the highest elective officer in this country has declared that this principle is correct.

The power of absolute determination must rest somewhere and in what body better than that determined by the National Committee?

Other objections are raised quite as foolish and intenable. The milk in the cocoanut is that certain persons were anxious to control the political matters in the district and the "slipped a cog." They are now engaged in cajoling colored people and using them for the purpose of disorganization.

They have even called upon the colored ministry to enter the lists to do dirty work in politics, when they should be devoting their time and energies toward elevating the spiritual and moral condition of the people. We are not surprised when the beats and jail birds are used to defeat their own; but when a minister of some pretensions and no little ability can consent to be the tool of an enemy, it occurs to us that a regeneration of the pulpit is urgently imperative.

But we can congratulate ourselves that we are right. We are the legitimate representatives of the National Committee, we are striving to carry out the plan which was unanimously adopted by the committee appointed by the National Committee and we are proud that the time set for the election of delegates precluded a long drawn out campaign wherein the worst elements and the worst phases of politics would reflect discredit upon the party and on the race.

The erstwhile political meetings and conventions which brought

disgrace upon the party and the race was happily prevented under the present arrangement for which we may be thankful.

It is surprising to note what ignorance is displayed in the discussion of public questions generally and from some particular word or combination of words, imagine that a whole legislative measure is wrong. In the case of the Porto Rican tariff bill, the bugabod of Free-trade drove many friends of protection from support of the bill while some whose hearts were set upon free-trade, in its universal signification, were anxious to support it.

Now the fact is that neither the matter of free trade nor protection as a general principle is involved in the Porto Rican bill; for the simple reason that tariffs are designed to regulate trade or to restrict it to meet the commercial demands of the country imposing them and apply to foreign and not domestic trade. The tariff bills which have been passed in this country were passed for the purpose of producing revenue and for the protection of the American industries which would be injured without them. The object has always been to balance the cost of production at the point of manufacture. The Bill which applies to Porto Rico is a new feature in American Legislation. A duty is imposed upon imports, not to protect American industries, not to raise revenue for the United States proper; but merely to provide the means of defraying the expenses of the government of Porto Rico. Every dollar which is imposed will be applied to the development of the resources and the general improvement of the people of Porto Rico. There is no grab game in it. All America asks is that those who are able to do large business in the United States shall pay to help meet the legitimate expenses of the government of Porto Rico. As usual the republican party is right. It does not want tribute from Porto Rico, but only insists that those who profit by our trade shall bear a proper proportion of the burdens of the government. In four outlying possessions are not to be manipulated for private gain; but for the general development of the people and the stimulation of business generally. Free trade in its restricted sense may follow; but no great harm can come from the present bill.

The results of the vigorous campaign of the British soldiery must be gratifying to all lovers of progress. The Boers have been preparing for the conflict for 15 years. They supposed that the possessions they obtained by tyranny and blood and fraud at the expense of the native Africans would be theirs forever. But justice which is blind is not deaf and the prayers of the injured Africans were heard and now the Boers will meet their just reward. God still reigns.

CHASE AND JONES WIN.

REYBURN AND PREACHER LEE DEFEATED BY OVER 7,000—THE ADMINISTRATION TICKET THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE—PERRY CARSON LOSES HIS OWN DISTRICT.

The election on last Tuesday demonstrated the fact that the people are tired of Carson and his political tactics. The Bee has always predicted that if the people were permitted to express themselves at the polls, Perry Carson would be no more. Dr. Reyburn and Preacher Lee were Carson's candidates. The political enemies of Carson wanted him to run but he showed his good sense to put others in the field to be slaughtered. Col. L. M. Saunders ought to be convinced now that he is not the people's choice. This is his third attempt to be elected to the Convention and all without success. There never was a fairer and more orderly election carried on than the one on last Tuesday.

The citizens of the District who affiliate with the republican party will be represented at the national republican convention, to be held at Philadelphia June 19, by Dr. John E. Jones and Mr. W. Calvin Chase as delegates, and Mr. George E. Emmons and Lucius H. Peterson as alternates. These candidates were chosen by overwhelming majorities at the primary election held throughout the District Tuesday over Dr. Robert Reyburn, Rev. George W. Lee and W. F. Thomas, who were aspirants for the positions of delegates, and Thomas G. Hensley and James A.

THEIR OWN MIXTURES.

Smokers Who Have Tobacco Compounded to Suit Their Tastes.

The young and inexperienced are ever ready to smile incredulously at the seasoned smoker who offers his tobacco pouch with the remark, "Try some of my own mixture." In some cases "my own mixture" may only be the smoker's "own" in the sense that he has paid for a few ounces of it, but in spite of the prevalence of copy-righted and much advertised special mixtures in these latter days, it seems, from what one of the most popular downtown tobacconists says, that the habit of buying one's own exclusive "mixture" is not so extinct as might be supposed.

"Here is a list of the special mixtures we make," said this authority, taking from a corner a large card. "You see, there are about fifty of them on this card. Each mixture is noted down, all the ingredients and the proportions in which they are to be used, and over each one is the name of the customer who first ordered it. The way of it is that a smoker makes his experiments on different combinations of tobacco until he hits upon something which just suits him. Sometimes he buys the ingredients and mixes them himself, but people have so much to do nowadays that more often they tell us what they want and we do the mixing. It takes weeks sometimes for a customer to get to just what he is aiming at, and, of course, it is all guesswork in the meantime."

"But you might be surprised to know how long a man will go on using the same mixture once he has found what suits him. This first name on the list does not belong to the mixture we have been making the longest; it comes first because the list is alphabetically arranged, but that recipe has been standing there for ten years to my knowledge. It was first ordered by an Englishman, his name still goes with it, and he is still using it, but scores of other people also use it who have never heard of him."

"So, you see, it is possible for a man to be using another man's 'particular mixture,' and go on using it for years, thinking it is his own exclusive mixture all the time. The way some of these mixtures gain popularity shows that it isn't quite exactly true that there are as many different tastes as tongues, for sometimes what exactly suits one man seems exactly to suit a hundred others. When we find a mixture becoming widely popular we sometimes make it up in quantity, but only rarely. And that, I suppose, is how new 'mixtures' get put on the market."—N. Y. Tribune.

A PRODIGY.

He Does Some Astonishing Feats in Arithmetic.

Arthur F. Griffith was born in Milford, a village in Kosciusko county, Ind. He is now nineteen years of age, the oldest of a family of six children. The father is a stone mason, scarcely in moderate circumstances.

As soon as he was able to talk this boy began to count. Before he was five years old he was able to keep a mental record of the number of grains of corn he fed the chickens. The total for three summers, according to his childish count, was 42,173 grains. He says he could remember for weeks afterward how many grains he fed the chickens on a given day.

When seven years old, after a severe illness he became epileptic. These attacks, at first frequent and severe, have gradually declined in frequency and severity, until now they occur only two or three times a year. Partly because of this misfortune he did not enter school until his tenth year. In the seven years' attendance at school he made a fair record in other studies. He left school when he could no longer study his favorite subject. When about twelve years old he began to develop methods of rapid calculation. From that time on his early passion for mere counting waned.

He now extracts the square root of six place figures in four seconds. He is more rapid in multiplication than addition, subtraction or division. He extracts the cube root of nine place numbers sometimes in four seconds; multiplies four place numbers with a second place number in three seconds. He says: "It is my habit to always note the numbers of anything that I see. I always note the numbers of freight cars and passing trains. Coming east we saw a train of twenty freight cars, and I saw the largest number on a freight car that I had ever seen. It was 58,283. That was on a car of the Wabash Railroad. I noticed on another car of the Pennsylvania Railroad the number 31,423. I multiplied these numbers for Professor Lindsey while we were passing the train. My result was 1,000,003,709. I always remember the telephone numbers that I see on delivery wagons, and I could give you the numbers on wagons in every town in which I have visited."

Type as Ammunition.

At the time of the Maori war in New Zealand a newspaper correspondent had a strange experience. The publishing office of a newspaper was close to the scene of some of the hottest fighting.

During the struggle the Maoris ran short of ammunition for their guns, and charged their guns with type and stereo blocks. This novel ammunition proved very effective. One of the boys in the office was severely wounded with a patent medicine advertisement, and another was crippled for life by a church bazaar announcement, and the editor, who had taken refuge with the British troops, had a narrow escape of being hit with one of his own poems.

The Debate Closed.

"Yes, sir!" shouted the little man with thin, straggling hair, "the Constitution of the United States guarantees to every man liberty of speech, and I'd like to see any one try to deprive me of it!"

"John Henry!" exclaimed a large woman of a decided mien, who had just entered the room, "you try up and come home."—New York Journal.

A Boer farm and homestead is, it is said, to be one of the features of the Paris Exposition. In this form will be exhibited the chief wild animals of the Transvaal. The means of transportation in the country are also to be illustrated.

A BARON'S VARIED CAREER.

Once Proud and Haughty,
Now Poor and Humble;

HE HAS DAZZLED EUROPE

In New York He Dined With Mrs. Astor—But Was Forever Getting Into Trouble—Now an Ordinary Missouri Villager.

Baron Bernard Francis Seraph de Gruenbaum, who dazzled the New York Four Hundred eight years ago, says the New York World, and who has a life history that might attract the pen of an Anthony Hope or a Stanley Weyman, is now telling his thrilling stories of Paris and London adventure in the humble little village of Sedalia, Mo. There the Baron has been living for the past ten months, willing away the hours in the general store or cheering the only blacksmith in the place with the ready music of his tongue. He has poured tales of the past into the ears of the Smith-tons, who believe that he is the son of an American nobleman, and that the monthly remittance he receives through the Smithsonian postoffice is an insignificant splinter from the baronial estate to which the distinguished sojourner in their midst will some day fall heir.

When this remittance reaches him in the secluded spot in which he is resting it is the Baron's wont, the local chroniclers say, to lie himself to Sedalia, the nearest approach to anything like a metropolis in that section, and there to cause the golden wine to flow and the most fragrant tobacco to burn while the funds hold out.

The only part of his past that the Baron has submitted to close and searching scrutiny in the neighborhood of Sedalia is his marriage with Mrs. Elizabeth P. Franklin, who



(Baron Gruenbaum.)

owned an extensive breeding farm at Gallatin, Tenn. He lived with her only seven weeks. When they separated she told one story; he another. Mrs. Gruenbaum said her husband was too extravagant for her; he would have run through her entire property like an Empire State Express going through a forty-foot tunnel. He said—some time afterward, this was—that he had been tricked into this marriage; that he was led to the altar under the influence of morphine and whiskey.

Whatever the cause of the separation, the trouble remained in statu quo until a few weeks ago, when the Baron obtained a divorce from his Tennessee wife in a Pettis County (Mo.) court. He alleged that his wife and her grown son had driven him from the place and threatened to kill him if he ever returned.

That is the end of the Baron's story. Now for the beginning. He is the son of a rich banker in Vienna, and a tall, finely-built fellow. But he was wild—was as a hare and reckless as a wet hen. He got into trouble—no end of it—and came to America.

Baron Gruenbaum told the friends that when he arrived in New York he had \$20,000 which his father had given him to cover his first year's expenses in America. A cruel-hearted stealer for Chicago Gas met up with him, however, and seduced him into investing his money in this stock. He bought at 52, somebody pulled out the plug and his margin disappeared like a birdshot in a Niagara whirlpool.

This is the explanation he gave of his presence on Ellis Island in high hat and Prince Albert coat, acting as interpreter at a salary of \$100 a month. While there he had two chances to fight a duel, but accepted neither. One was with a bootblack who undertook to give him a lesson in etiquette before some magnificent ladies; the other was a fellow employee, who knocked him down with a McCoy cork screw blow on the jaw in a discussion over 80 cents. The Baron would not fight with either of these offenders because they were not of equal rank. They were "canailles" and "cads," he said.

Soon after, we hear of him dancing at the Patriarch's ball with Mrs. Astor, having received funds from home. Next he was heard of in the matrimonial field. There were several rumors of expected alliances with well-known heiresses, but he wound up by marrying the Gallatin widow.

He went back to New York in 1896, forged a check with which he paid way to St. Louis, where he took up convicted and sent to Sing Sing. At the end of his prison term he the title of Baron again and swelled around with the best people of the Missouri metropolis. He availed a woman out of several hundred dollars there. She had him arrested, and the police gave him two hours to get out of the town. Some of the young men who knew him took pity on him and raised money enough for him to pay his fare to Sedalia. This was ten months ago, and he never got further than eight miles from that place, according to all accounts.

Cruel.

"How can you object to my fiancee? He is chivalry itself. The first time he met me he told me I was the most beautiful and most interesting girl in New York."

"And you would trust your life to a man who lies to you as shamelessly as that at the very beginning of your acquaintance?"—New York World.

MADE AND LOST MILLIONS.

And Lucky Baldwin Is Still
Full of Energy.

IS GOING TO CAPE NOME

Many a Time He Has Been Possessed of a Fortune and Had Nothing Better to Eat Than Flapjacks—Not Easily Discouraged.

"I have made and lost more millions than any other American, but the first ship that sails for Cape Nome will carry me as a passenger," writes 'Lucky' (E. J.) Baldwin in the New York Evening World. "People tell me I am too old to bear the hardships of a new mining country, but I am not. I am going to Cape Nome, for I think there is plenty of money to be made there, but principally to show people that 'Lucky' Baldwin's luck is still with him. I shall open a store, saloon, dance hall or theatre—the one thing that the place wants and will pay highest for."

"From the day I landed in San Francisco in the winter of 1853 I began to work in the Pacific Temperance House, which was the best paying house in town. I then sold out, making \$7,000 on the deal."

"The next thing I went into was the brick-making business. I saw that in a very short time the government would need bricks for Fort Point and Fort Alcatraz. I went into partnership with a man who had a small brick yard, but we did not agree, and dissolved partnership and went into business for myself. My yard couldn't turn out the bricks fast enough to supply the demand for them."

"I sold the brick yard and put the money in real estate. I bought some property and turned it into a livery stable, which I ran for some months, and then sold out at a big profit."

"After I sold out the livery stable I started on a trip around the world with a couple of Englishmen and two Scotchmen. It was on this trip that I got my 'lucky' rim in Japan. I also brought back with me a company of Japanese and Chinese actors. I played with them in every mining camp in California, making gold dust by the sackful out of them. Then I took the company east, finally playing them in New York at the Academy of Music for eight weeks to the biggest business that theatre had ever had. I sold out to Gilbert of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, and he took the company abroad, where it played to almost every crowned head of Europe."

"In 1859 I started for the mines in Nevada. I had plenty of money, but I wanted some mining excitement. Many's the time I've had a million dollars and nothing to eat but a flapjack. I have been out in the mountains where I had to get up and shake a foot of snow off my blankets, make some flapjacks and cut a twig off a tree for a fork. If men who are willing to endure such hardships strike it rich they are dubbed 'lucky' instead of 'plucky.'"

"I don't believe in advising others, although I have helped some people who were not afraid to take chances to make a fortune. The man who deals in stocks has got to have content and nerve. I've lost a million dollars and not lost a wink of sleep over it. And I've made five times as much without losing my head. As to all my dealings in stocks, I can say that if I had to do it over again, knowing what was ahead, I could not improve on my stock investments."

"After the big Ophir deal I wanted something to invest my money in that I thought would be safer than banks. I bought a ranch in southern California, and called it Santa Anita, and if it is a fair land on earth it's right there. I have invested in all about \$2,000,000 in southern California. Some of the finest horse ranches were raised on my ranch down there. Next to mining I like to raise horses and race them."

"The Ophir deal was my big opportunity in the past. On the day that the directors met to freeze me out I knew that one member would be absent, but I haven't a notion of the intended voting both as president and member, which would give the faction three votes against my two. I went to my lawyer, Reuben H. Lloyd, and told him to get out an injunction."

There were twenty minutes lacking in which to get out that injunction, but I said 'lucky' rim anyway. The injunction, broke up the furniture, knocked one man under the table, covered another with a pistol and kept things lively until Lloyd got there with the injunction. It was fighting, not luck, that saved me."

"I wouldn't give an outline of my life without mentioning that I've been in court more times than most men—sometimes as plaintiff, sometimes as defendant. I really don't know how many lawsuits I have been mixed up in, but my lawyer says enough to make me a pretty good lawyer. I work on my case as much as my lawyer himself and I'm pretty well up in law, even if I haven't a sheepskin entitling me to practice."

"It is said that I trusted so much in my luck that I never insured any of my property. It wasn't that I had faith in my luck, but it is a fact that I never cared to insure my property. I kept an insurance account, and up to the time of the hotel fire I was \$500,000 ahead. When I built the Baldwin hotel I first leased the ground on which it stood and afterward bought it. The hotel cost, when it was finished \$2,000,000, and \$200,000 was afterward put in it for improvements. The hotel paid an interest of \$150,000 a year, so it wasn't a bad investment."

"The house stood for one year without an insurance and only the year before it was burned did I take out a policy for \$50,000. I had been warned that a certain party threatened to burn my hotel, and that was the reason I insured it. I have never been in any other place of property insured."

"Despite my years I am still strong and full of energy, willing to take big chances and ready to work. That is all the luck there is in it, and, therefore, I believe I will be as lucky in the future as I have been in the past. Every man makes his own luck."

The number of Buddhists is estimated to be 455,000,000.

ANIMALS.

The Lion Tamer Likes Leopards and Baboons.

"I would much rather go into a cage with a wild lion or tiger than with a panther," said the lion tamer. "You must not trust a panther for a moment. He is always watching for his chance. He never gets so fond of any one that he can be trusted. He will fawn and cringe and rub against you, and then he will jump; and if you are not brave and quick that will be the end of you. Other animals are not like that. I like the leopard best of all. They are not lary like the lion and they are affectionate like a person. Monsieur Abadi had a leopard who was my best friend. Cambodia was his name. I think that is the name of a French colony where she was captured; but she was not French. She did not like Monsieur and she would not listen to French; but she would talk English with me and she loved me very much. In the tent she followed me around without any collar or chain, and she would rub up against me like a cat. Every morning she would stand on her hind feet, with her front paws on the cross bars of the cage and her nose on her paw, and she would watch the door. When I came in she would jump down and go capering around and calling to me and begging me to come into the cage. Sometimes I slept all night with her in her cage.

"In Singapore an Englishman bet me 250 rupees that I did not dare sleep with the leopard. That was an easy way of earning money. The leopard wouldn't have hurt me for anything in the world. One day I was sitting in the cage with her and a man threw a piece of meat at her. It landed on my wrist. She snatched at it with her claws out and almost tore my hand off, but she was so sorry. It made her sick, and she couldn't keep from crying every time she looked at me as long as I wore the bandage. She kept asking me to forgive her all the time.

"It was the same way with a baboon that bit me. He was a very good friend of mine, but he was savage with everybody else, and so big that everybody was afraid of him. One day when I was with him a boy ran a sharp stick into him and he thought I did it, so he grabbed me and bit me on the cheek. He was bigger than I was and I wasn't expecting any trouble, so I couldn't protect myself; but the minute he had done it he was ashamed, and began to whimper and beg for forgiveness. He treated me as if I was a baby, and petted me and hugged me, and when they took me out and bandaged up my head he could hardly bear it. You never saw any one so remorseful. I couldn't cheer him at all. He just shook his head and cried; and that scar always worried him."—N. Y. Sun.

Now a Cloak Model.

Mrs. Annie C. George, who obtained so much unpleasant notoriety a few months ago in the trial at Canton, O.,



(Mrs. Annie C. George.)

for shooting the brother-in-law of President McKinley, of which she was acquitted, is now living quietly in New York, earning her living by working as a cloak model.

Senator Lindsay and His Voice.
Sometimes the Senate gets as noisy as a women's sewing circle. Everybody talks at once—not trying to make speeches, understand, but each man in conversation with his neighbor. Then the buzz of voices rises to the ceiling.

It is during these periods of universal gossiping together that Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky, shines conspicuously. When he makes a set speech his voice is unto the noise of the bull of Bashan, and when he whispers he mumbles like an earthquake. He leans back in his chair, hides both his hands in his pockets, looks lovingly down upon his capacious tummy, and then utters his comments in alleged sotto voice to the Senators around him. The trouble is that the softest tones of Lindsay are louder than the ordinary stenographer's cry, and even his whisper causes the desks to tremble.—Washington Post.

An Empress Who Wrestles.

The Empress Dowager of China is described by an English lady, who has spent the greater part of her life in the Celestial Empire, as a much more remarkable woman than most Europeans suppose. She is an ardent painter, and her pictures are said to be admirable specimens of Chinese art. Strange as it may seem, her majesty is also said to be fond of wrestling, and frequently indulges in this rather virile form of exercise. She is well read, is fond of a pianist. She is said both by her friends and enemies to be absolutely without any sense of fear, and, needless to say, her life has been attempted a number of times.

Giving and Receiving.

"Don't give a damn!" sneered the coal man.
"It is more blessed to give than to receive!" retorted the ordinary citizen ominously.

For it was not impossible that the worm would turn.—Puck.

Aversion to That Also.

Lord Wolsey, Lord Roberts and Sir Evelyn Wood have all written considerably for the press. Sir Redvers Buller has never written anything but dispatches to the War Office, and shows his aversion to any other channel of publicity.

MALICE NOT IN HIS HEART

An Army Story of Hate and Brotherly Love.

DETECTIVE'S NARRATIVE

An Officer and a Corporal in the Southwest—Enmity Brought Bitterness to Both—Friendship and Death Together in the Philippines.

St. Louis detective was talking to some professional associates recently and told this story:

"Quite a stretch of years ago I was soldiering with a doughboy outfit of the regular army down in the Southwest. One of my bunkies—I'll call him Ned Gannon, which is not so far from his real name—had been a mate of mine when we were both kids down on the St. Louis leveves, although we hadn't met again until we ran into each other in the army. Gannon had struck the outfit a couple of years ahead of me, and he had the corporal's chevrons when I got there. He was a good man and a good soldier, was this Gannon, but somehow or other he had incurred the enmity of one of the officers of our company, a Second Lieutenant, who had got his shoulder straps via the 'mustang' route—that is, by promotion from the ranks. We'll call this Second Lieutenant Neil, which is close enough to his right name, too.

"This Neil you may suppose, was a crackjack soldier; for dubs don't pass the examination for promotion from the ranks in the American army. He was a pretty decent officer to the west, besides—to all of them that is, to say, except Ned Gannon. He surely did have it in bad for Gannon. I never knew why, and I don't know yet. But the way Neil rubbed it in on Gannon was a holy show. He had Gannon broke to the ranks soon after I joined the outfit for some trivial cause connected with guard duty. Gannon didn't say much, but the line of thinks he must have entertained with regard to the Second Lieutenant occasionally shown out in the blaze of his eyes when they lit upon the shape of the young mustang officer. Two months after he busted him the Second Lieutenant got Gannon into the clink on a charge of neglect of duty while on post as a sentinel. Gannon narrowly escaped a general court-martial on that charge, which was unquestionably trumped up, and the summary court gave him thirty days with labor. When he got out and resumed duty he told me there was murder in his heart for the Second Lieutenant.

"I'll get hunk with him," he told me with savage quietude, 'if it takes me twenty years to do it. I'll play even with that one all right.'

"Gannon got six months hard labor at the hands of the general court-martial, and a bob-tail besides—that is, a dishonorable discharge from the service. For it is a pretty serious thing for an enlisted man to be even accused of attempting to strike a commissioned officer.

"Now here was a case of a good soldier who really got the worst of it at the hands of an officer—a thing that doesn't, as a matter of fact, often happen in our service, where justice is the rule. When Gannon's six months in the clink was up he was escorted to the gate by a file of the guard. I gave him a bum suit of civilian's clothes that I had in my box, and we all chipped in and handed him a ten-dollar note with which to start life over again. We'd have given him more, but it was between pay days.

"I'll get square with that Geezer" were the last words Gannon said to me before he was drummed out. Three months later I got a letter from him, dated St. Louis. He announced that he had got on the St. Louis police force.

"I served my enlistment and went back to y home in St. Louis, where Ned Gannon put me next to the way to get into the police force, and I got on. That's Part I of the story.

"One afternoon, a year ago last April, Ned Gannon was patrolling his beat when he happened up against a drunk. The drunk was a fine-looking man, shabbily dressed. He had a book under his arm. He was a book agent. He was ex-Lieutenant Neil, and Gannon recognized him.

"Gannon took Neil to his own home and sobered him up. He got Neil into shape. Why he did it I don't know. I asked him why it was he was caring for his old enemy that way—but he never answered me. I don't understand it yet. Ned put some clothes on Neil's back and got Neil to looking fine, strong and clear-eyed. Then Ned did some politics for Neil, and got the ex-Lieutenant a job in the St. Louis tax office as a clerk.

"They both got to hankering for soldiering when the Spanish war was well under way. This hankering is liable to hit a man through life who's ever wore a uniform on land or sea. Neil and Gannon from talking about became possessed of the craze to go to the Philippines, and they cast around for a tip on an outfit that was booked to go down there. They got the tip and both threw their jobs and joined a Kansas outfit as buck privates, Gannon under his right name and Neil under an assumed name—for a man who's known to be a cashiered officer can't get back into the service even as an enlisted man. That's the wind-up of Part II, and it's all the dead level, at that.

"Well, I got hold of a paper on the cars while making a trip a few months back, and read an account of the fighting before Malolos, then Aguinaldo's capital. In the list of the killed among the men of that Kansas outfit were Gannon's name and Neil's fictitious name. Well, when Ned Gannon stood to attention and answered to his name and number on the other side of the Great Divide, I'll bet he got a white mark for not bearing malice."

ON STREET CARS.

A New Yorker Figures Out Some Interesting Facts.

A New Yorker with a statistical turn of mind has been figuring out how much an average person living in New York spends on the street cars. You would not think unless you followed his figures pretty closely, that for a whole working day each week you are occupied in traveling around New York, and yet there are comparatively few engaged in business downtown who devote less than one day out of the seven in getting to their places of business and home again.

There is a man living in Harlem whose place of business is in lower Broadway. Whether he goes downtown by the cable car or on the trolley, or whether the "L" railroad is his choice, the best part of an hour is consumed in getting to his destination. If he is an indoor man and sticks in his office all day, he will do no more riding on the street cars until the time comes for him to return home, and then the best part of another hour will be used in accomplishing this.

Taking this example of a man whose whole traveling time is solely occupied in getting to his business and back again, we will assume, to be strictly within the line, that the journey there and back can be completed inside of an hour and a half, although business men and women who get downtown and back in this time generally consider that they are living in easily accessible spots. They will be astonished to hear what the statistician has to say about the time they fritter away in traveling.

An hour and a half a day multiplied by six working days means an eight-hour day lost once every week of six days. It means four and a half days lost every month, or almost eight weeks a year.

Yet the cost of the two months' trip on the street cars that the majority of New Yorkers engage in business take every year does not amount to a very high figure after all. At a nickel a journey the car fare only amounts to 60 cents for a week's trip, or a little over \$31 for the whole year's traveling expenses. In these days of vacation-taking there are very few people who can travel constantly for two whole months every day, and manage it on \$31.

But the example that the statistician quotes is only a mild one. There are the people who come from Brooklyn, East New York, Jersey City, Newark, Paterson, Staten Island, etc., who consume much more than one and a half hours a day in getting into New York. For them the time they spend in traveling is proportionately greater and much of their lives is spent getting to the city. However, the people who, above all others live their lives in the street cars and who spend more time than they do in their waking hours in their homes, are to be found right here in New York. The numerous trades and callings that call for journeys up and down town the living day are to be numbered by the score, and the people engaged in them would be hard to number who live the best part of their lives on the street cars.

A Famous Oak.

Earl Manvers, who has just died, owned on his Nottinghamshire estate one of the most famous existing oaks in the country. The "Major Oak" is one of the survivors of Sherwood forest. Earl Manvers was very proud of it, and in the library at Thoresby Hall he had a splendid chimney-piece consisting of a carved representation of this monarch of the forest with a herd of deer and statuettes of Robin Hood and Little John on the mantle. Earl Manvers, however, would insist on naming the Major Oak the Queen's Oak. Happily this change of name has not been generally adopted, or there would be handbooks of sylvan England have been a conflict with that once famous Queen's oak at Donnington Castle—one of the rare mammoths under which Chaucer "carol'd" his moral song.—Westminster Gazette.

Commander Cronje.

Commander Cronje has recently been the recipient of more fame and notoriety than the leader of the Boer forces, Gen. Joubert. Gen. Cronje is an orator, a philosopher and a diplomat. He is a compactly built man.



(Commander Cronje.)

just past 50 years old, and as good a retiree as he is a fighter.

To Prevent Abuse of Passes.

The Bib Four has adopted a new plan, so far as the company is concerned, to prevent abuse of annual passes. The holder of an annual pass must send his signature to the Auditor's office. On the train, when the pass is presented, the passenger must sign a slip, giving the number of the pass and the point of destination. This slip is sent in by the conductor, and the signature must agree with the original signature in the possession of the company. This plan has been in use for some time on the Clover Leaf and other roads, and has been found a success.—Indianapolis News.

Boers Good Fishermen.

The Boer is no mean fisherman. Given a pipe and a goodly supply of his favorite weed he will sit for hours angling. Very fine sport, indeed, may be had in any of the streams north of the Orange River.

HORN THE TAYLOR.



The most successful man in the city is Horn, the tailor. He left for Philadelphia, Pa., yesterday to have shipped to this city his new spring imported goods. It is the biggest lot of new spring goods that have ever been shipped to this city by any importer. Do you need a

NEW SPRING SUIT?



that will fit you? A clean taste? Don't fail to call in his place of business, 637 F street, northwest, on Monday and examine his new line of goods that you desire to see. Do you want

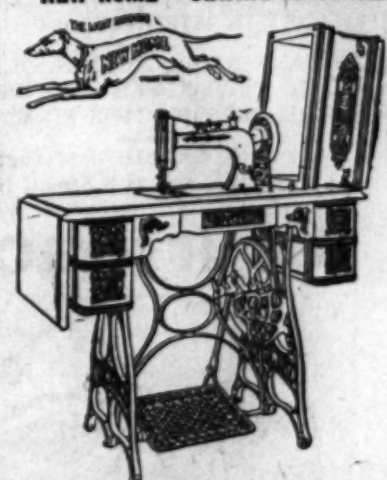
A NEW STYLE SUIT?



If you want to look nice, Horn has man who knows how to fit you. I you have a hump in your back or broken leg, Horn knows how to cur he defects. Do you want a

If you want a new spring suit made from imported goods, Horn the tailor, will make you a new suit. Give him a call at once. 637 F street, n.w.

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WRITE FOR CIRCULARS showing the different styles of sewing machines and their prices before you purchase any other.

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Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. : : : : :
Makes the skin white and fair

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Imported and Domestic. Ladies & Gentlemen's Cafe Upstairs. Washington, D. C.



A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

One of the notable events of the season was the marriage of Miss Mattie S. Robinson of this city to Dr. A. J. Daniels, which was solemnized on the evening of January 22d. Miss Robinson is very popular in the social circle of Washington and is highly respected. She is indeed regarded as one of the brightest intellects of her sex, courteous and affable in her manner coupled with her many admirable traits of character, the doctor can well feel proud of the good judgment he exercised in choosing such a congenial companion and partner for life. Dr. Daniels is the only son of Rev. R. J. Daniels, a life long citizen of this city, who is highly honored and respected throughout this community. Dr. Daniels is a progressive young physician who has by ability and indefatigable zeal built up an extensive and enviable practice, and is indeed regarded as one of the ablest in the District. The many friends who packed the house to its utmost capacity evidenced the high esteem in which they are held. The presents were numerous and gorgeous. So numerous were the friends that space will not admit of their names being mentioned. Especially grand and costly is the silver service presented by Mr. and Mrs. Jno. R. McLean. The event was the most brilliant of the season. Refreshments were served in abundance and friends enjoyed themselves until a late hour and reluctantly departed for their homes. Dr. and Mrs. Daniels will take up their residence at 1137 24th street n. w. Among the numerous friends who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. John R. McLean; silver butter dish, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Holmes; silver oyster spoons, Mr. Richard Thompson, W. Va.; silver salad spoon, Miss Mazie B. Daddford; silver fork, L. H. Lyes; silver syrup pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. Woodland, Philadelphia; silver butter knife, Miss A. Barnett and Mr. Shaw; silver butter knife, Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart; silver fruit knives, Mr. N. Jackson; silver fruit knives, Mr. Robt. Miller; silver sugar spoon, Miss Julia V. Brooks; bon-bon spoon, Miss Alice Scott; silver-topped pitcher, Miss Emma Payne; decorated bronze urn, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Brown; decorated china tea set, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Watson; toilet set, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman; decorated lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Stewart; lamp, Prof. and Mrs. Daniels; parlor clock, Mrs. A. Henson, Baltimore; decorated celery dish, Dr. and Mrs. Cabanis; china vases, Mrs. Holmes and Dr. A. B. Coker; water colors, Mr. and Mrs. Washington; woolen blankets, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, York, Pa.; decorated wine set, Mr. Edward Tinsley; bride's cake, Rev. R. J. Daniels; toilet set, Dr. Haskins; bust of Shakespeare, Mr. and Mrs. W. Francis Evans.

The 50th anniversary of Mr. Joseph D. Jones will take place at Douglass Hotel Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. The friends of Mr. Jones are invited to be present.

A very pleasant surprise was given to Miss Clara T. Chase, Friday Feb. 23. A bevy of ladies and gentlemen, together with music and song made the "welkin ring." Mr. E. Murray, served the supper. The occasion was in honor of Miss Chase's birthday.

Mr. William Thomas, of Philadelphia, was in the city last week.

Messrs. Edward Vanderhoop and Linus Jeffers, of Gay Head, Mass., were in the city last week the guests of Mrs. N. C. Richardson.

The surprise party given to Miss Vashiti Turley on Thursday evening Feb. 22nd, was highly appreciated by the hostess.

Among those present were Misses Carrie Lee, Jessie Parks, Minnie Simmons, Carrie Harlan, Marion Harris, Altona Wright, Rosa Carter, Lillian Parker, and Dessie Allen. Messrs. Kiger Savoy, Harry Taylor, George Richardson, Charles Evans, Leon Turner, Edward Buchanan, John Wright, Byron Chisolm and Whit. Bruce.

AN EVENING OF ENJOYMENT.

Among the attractions for the past week was the soiree given by the famous "Rose Bud Club," for the benefit of its friends, on Friday evening, February 23, at the residence of Mrs. Ralph Langston, 1512 17th street n. w.

The guests were attired in fashionable garments of various colors and styles making a charming appearance. After many dances, the club invited its guests to the dining room where a collation consisting of the delicacies of the season was served in abundance.

Those who were present are as follows: Misses Nettie Langston,

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J. B. Babney,
Funeral Director

Hiring, Livery and Sale Stables, carriages hired for funerals, parties, balls, receptions, etc.
Horses and carriages kept in first-class style and satisfaction guaranteed. Having purchased lot No. 1132 3rd St. N.W. and built a new brick structure with all modern improvements, my friends and the public are hereby notified, that I have moved from my old place of business 441 I. street, N.W., to my new and commodious structure, 1132 3rd St. N.W., where we are prepared to give better satisfaction.

Our Stables, in
Freeman's Alley

Where I can accommodate fifty horses. Call and inspect our new and modern caskets and investigate our methods of doing first-class work.

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limit of your expectations.

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They banish pain
and prolong life. ONE
GIVES
RELIEF.



RIPANS

No matter what the matter is, one will do you
good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style bottle containing ten R. P. Ripans in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale
at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced bottle is intended for the poor and the econo-
mical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (100 bottles) can be had by mail by sending four-eight cents
to the R. P. Ripans Company, No. 10 Seventh Street, New York—A single carton (10
bottles) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

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CIGARS and TOBACCO.

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shall be glad to have you open an

account. BANK OPEN FROM 9 A.

M. to 5 P. M.

WAYS OF CARRYING MONEY.

Of All These the Average Woman's
Set Forth as the Worst.

A great many men have cranks
ideas about prepping their bills for
ready handling. One plan is to fold
each bill separately, keeping the de-
nominations apart in the various divi-
sions of their pocketbooks. This
method facilitates the search for the
desired sum when making a purchase.
This is almost a sure guard against
passing out a bill of the wrong deno-
mination.

Then there are men who make a
neat roll of all their bills. The first is
rolled by itself to about the size of a
lead pencil, the next is lapped about
it and so on to the end. Then a rub-
ber band is placed about the entire
lot. When it is desired to use one of
the bills the rubber is removed and
the end of the first bill caught be-
tween the thumb and forefinger of the
right hand while the roll is held be-
tween the thumb and forefinger of the
left hand. Then the bill is quickly un-
wound, none of the others being dis-
turbed.

A great many men never carry a
pocketbook. One reason for this is
that a well-worn purse more easily
slips from the pocket than a roll of
bills. Then, again, the bulk of a po-
cketbook is annoying; it takes up too
much room, especially where the pan-
taloons are made snug. When po-
cketbooks are not carried a favorite re-
ceptacle is the watch pocket. When
this is used the bills are made up into
a little hard bunch. Their presence is
always felt against the body. In a
crowd there is no danger of losing
them, and when traveling with any
considerable sum this is a safe de-
positary.

Some men have a fad of carrying a
lot of new bills in an envelope, which
is kept in an inside pocket. Now and
then a man is found who keeps a few
bills in every pocket. He goes on the
theory that if he is robbed of one lot,
a sufficient amount remains to last
him until he reaches home. He starts
out feeling that he is going to be
robbed, and makes provisions to meet
any possible emergency. He usually
makes three folds of his bills and
tucks them away in the corners of his
pockets with extreme care. He does
not feel surprised if he finds, upon
making an inventory after he reaches
home, that a part of his funds has dis-
appeared, as he expected to be robbed.

Any number of men are bound to
keep only a little working capital in
their trousers' pockets, the bulk of
their funds being concealed in broad
flat wallets in the inside pocket of
their waistcoats. These bills are al-
ways of large denominations and fold-
ed once. When a man brings forth his
reserved funds it will be found that
all the bills have a smooth, bright ap-
pearance. They have been with him
so long that they are as fat as a sheet
from a letter press.

Very few men in this country carry
coins in purses. In England purses
are common. The material is general-
ly pigskin, but undressed kid is also
used extensively. The former have
two compartments, one for small gold
coins and the other for silver. It is
sometimes amusing to watch a man
with a little undressed kid bag pay his
fare on the street cars, especially if
he is wearing thick, dogskin gloves.
Only conductors with great patience
can watch the proceeding with com-
placency. A woman can pick out five
pennies beneath a roll of bills in con-
siderably less time than it takes the
man with the kid purse to bring forth
a nickel. One reason that the kid
purse is not popular is because it feels
like the half of a small dumb-bell in
the pocket when fairly well filled. In
London it is the proper thing to carry
a pigskin, owing to the large circula-
tion of sovereigns. It is essential to
keep the gold and silver separate in
order to avoid mistakes—Boston Her-
ald.

Theory of Hunger.

We all know when we are hungry,
but we do not know why we are hun-
gry? The unscientific person will re-
ply that we are hungry because we
need food, and this is certainly true.
Professor Appenheimer, of Heidel-
berg, agrees with this, but he agrees
that there is much more to be said on
the subject.

According to the professor, the sen-
sation of hunger is felt by the human
being whenever the food supply that
nourishes the stomach is deficient in
quality. On the other hand, the long-
ing for food disappears whenever the
stomach is filled for at that time,
through the process of digestion, the
necessary supply of blood is furnished
for the nourishment of the stomach.
This rule does not hold good in the
case of many invalids, as, for example,
those suffering from chlorosis, since
various tests show that they do not
feel hunger even when there is no
food in their stomachs.

The reason for this, says the profes-
sor, is because there is, as a rule, too
much blood in the vessels that serve
for purposes of nutrition. Whenever
the stomach is more or less out of or-
der in consequence of a deficient blood
supply, a certain stimulus acts on the
nerves, which are thus excited until
they cause the well-known sensation
known as hunger.

A Farewell Sermon.

A clergyman in the west country had
two curates, one a comparatively old
man, the other very young.

With the former he had not been
able to work agreeably, and on being
invited to another living he accepted it,
and took his young curate with him.
Naturally there was a farewell ser-
mon, and we can imagine the feelings
of the curate who was to be left be-
hind when he heard the text given
out, "Abide ye here with the ass, and
the lad will go yonder and worship."
—Denver Post.

Centenary of Electricity.

"Electricity as we know it" is just
100 years old. In 1790 the Italian sci-
entist Volta gave definite form to the
method of producing the current, and
it is from his name that we have the
name "voltmeter" to describe the in-
strument which measures the force of
the current, and "volt" as the unit
of that measurement.

A Pertinent Query.

Brown—Come around to my house
to-night and we'll have a quiet little
game.
Towns—When did your wife leave?
—New York World.

ONE GAVE RELIEF.

The Journey of a Cough Drop Across
the Hall to a Woman.

The clever Russian violinist who
who charmed all his hearers at the
Peabody recital, on Friday, was not to
blame for the incident. Although his
name begins with something that
sounds like a sneeze and ends in a
"koff," yet the outbreak cannot be
traced to that source. It was simply
the result of the cold weather, and
probably a draught. When the cough
started the lady who found herself the
victim of it was as mortified as could
be. She knew that it was disturbing
the audience and feared that it might
give pain to the performer. She would
have given worlds to have it stop, but
the cough went on with all the regu-
larity of a piece of clockwork.

But there was a Good Samaritan in
the audience, and this Good Samaritan
happened to have a box of cough drops
in her pocket. She had been to a con-
cert before, and knew what a good,
strong, healthy cough can do to a com-
pata in C minor. Her fellow woman
with the irritated tonsils sat far from
her, almost at the other end of the
large room—but that made no differ-
ence. She must have a cough drop,
and must have it right away. The
noise must be stopped. She could not
get up and carry the drop to the
cougher. That would make the dis-
turbance worse than it was. There
was but one way to do it. The cough
drop must be passed down the line.
So she wrapped it up in a piece of pa-
per, asked her neighbor to pass it on,
and thus started it on its mission of
peace. There was a smile, there was
even a number of perceptible titters
as it made its way slowly from lady
to another. Some of them insisted on
unwrapping the little bundle and mak-
ing a special study of the drop, and
more than one came near laughing
in meeting when they found what bur-
den they were bearing. But, in spite
of all obstacles, the cough drop reach-
ed its goal and at once did its work.

A more grateful woman than the
one to whom it was sent did not sit in
the hall, and no one enjoyed the re-
cital more than the Good Samaritan—
Baltimore American.

ALL FOR TWO CENTS.

A Letter Delivered Seven Thousand
Miles Away in Forty Days.

It may not be out of place to give
an illustration of the vast distances a
letter may travel on the strength of a
two-cent postage stamp. Suppose one
of the girl readers of the Companion
in Key West, Fla., has a brother in the
Klondike region, who has risked all
to dig fortunes from mother earth,
and writes to tell him the news from
home. She drops the letter in the post-
office at Key West, and it starts on its
long journey. It does not, of necessity,
travel in a straight line, but must fol-
low the twistings and turnings of the
railroads, which have complete charge
of it until the northwest corner of the
State of Washington is reached. When
it arrives at Seattle it has passed
through fourteen states, and yet, so
far as time is concerned, but one-
fourth of its journey has been accom-
plished.

It now takes a sea voyage from Se-
attle to Juneau, Alaska, and from the
latter place is carried, as I have al-
ready described, to Circle City. It may
be taken from there by friendly hands
farther into the Klondike country,
and finally delivered into the hands of
the anxious brother, who has been
eagerly awaiting the arrival of the
next party from the nearest town in
which a postoffice is conducted, in the
hope that some one would bring him a
letter. The letter has now traveled in
the neighborhood of 7,000 miles—by
railroad, steamboat, stage, horseback
and, perhaps, dog sled—and has been
on the road for nearly forty days with-
out a moment's rest.

No profit, in money, accrues to the
government for delivering that letter;
indeed, each letter sent into the Klon-
dike costs the government for trans-
portation many times the amount of
postage charged.—Youth's Companion.

While Sleeping.

It is not while we work and worry
over the affairs of life that we grow
old. It is while we sleep, according to
Flynn, the celebrated English physi-
ologist.

Mr. Flynn leads us to this conclu-
sion through his advocacy of the mid-
night dinner plan.
"No midday luncheon for brain
workers," said Mr. Flynn. It impairs
the mental powers and interrupts the
train of thought."

Then Mr. Flynn proceeds to advo-
cate a before-going-to-bed meal. "It
is necessary to repair the waste that
goes on at night," he said. "The waste
of a long night of fast is beyond cal-
culation. The stomach should be well
filled with nourishing food to counter-
act the loss. This is especially true
of anemic persons."

Mr. Flynn points out the



A POINTER

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and I urgently request young ladies to read this column and any questions that they wish answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss yClemas

Ellie:—It is the amiable girl who wins praises. So conduct yourself as to demand respect.

E. H. There is no doubt that you possess the necessary qualifications. It is not well to tell all you know.

Miss M. T. You may be successful in shamming, but you will find out that it will betray you in the end. Don't be a pretender.

Rachel:—You want to know why young men are so slow in marrying. It is the fault of the girls. Let the girls change their attitude and you will see more marriages.

Respect:—If you respect yourself you will not permit a young man to use tobacco in any form in your company.

O. P. I would advise you to be more circumspect and then you will not be misjudged. Don't take flattery for a compliment. Girls are very weak in this particular.

R. I. A becomingly dressed young lady will attract. I am of the opinion that you should study the art of dressing.

Miss F. M. You should not say unkind words about people you don't like. It is better if you remain silent.

D. M. It is not good taste to depend on your associates to pay your way. You should have remained at home. A young lady who depends on the male escort of a female associate is an anxious personage. You should have remained at home.

New Faces:—Don't be influenced by new faces. Some times a person is misled. A good and true friend is worth fifty pretended friends. New faces are deceptive. Sooner or later you are compelled to return to those whose friendship you have had no cause to doubt. You should be honest and truthful in all things. New faces are pleasant things to admire some times, but not to the extent of having them to which to impart your confidence. Take my advice and beware of new faces, because they will make you do things that are embarrassing.

Business:—There should be more business, young girls, among you. The time will soon come when it will be necessary to have an idea of business. You should study the art of business. Should you enter a public office always remember one thing, never permit yourself to carry on flirtation. No lady is respected who permits it. There are few business girls among us.

Miss H. E. I believe that you would make a first-class journalist. You have the ability and the ambition. There are but few female journalists among the girls of color. There is nothing more fascinating. I would advise you to study the art.

Matrimony:—Some of you are anxious to get married. I don't advise any girl to marry for the sake of saying she is married. My advice to any girl is, don't marry unless you intend to better your condition. You can't stand what your fore-arents stood. There are today many girls who had the red blossoms in their cheeks, who are now feeling the pangs of remorse. Study well this question before you come to a conclusion.

Elsie:—Be careful of your associates. You can command respect when you conduct yourself in a becoming manner. Be all that you seem to be. Be what God made you a pure woman. My advice to you is resent all insults. You are the one to judge right from wrong.

So live that you will not be misjudged. If you follow these precepts you will not make any mistakes.

L. G. The person who wants his way about every thing and is never willing to give away to another is not only selfish, but makes himself abominable.

Amie:—Your Christian spirit is very much admired, but you must remember the fact that you cannot rule a school by prayers.

Ira:—This nice to be a society girl, but very foolish to attempt to keep up with it if your salary cannot afford it.

Bessie:—Now that overskirts are in vogue, you can take two of your old dresses, make them in one and have a fashionable costume. Short figures do not look well in such costumes.

Willena:—Don't blame others for doing what you cannot get a chance to do.

A person who continues to grin when there is nothing to amuse him, is either a fool or a knave.

N. B. Don't become conceited and think that you are the "only person" simply because some one pays you a compliment.

Sadie:—You should remember the fact that you had to arrange your toilet to catch your husband and you do the same to keep him. Men dislike sloven, careless women.

Clara:—Never think more of a man than he thinks of you and if such is the case, don't let him know it.

FOR BAIT IN A TIGER TRAP

At the Mercy of a Band of Semi Savages

PIERCE INDIAN NATIVES

Saved by a Little Girl—Shut Up in a Trap as Bait for the Fiercest and Strongest of All Wild Beasts—An English Officer's Story.

A tiger story is the unfailing resource of the officers of the British army on the long ocean voyage they must regularly make between London and Calcutta. It is a rare treat to be a listener with some grizzled veteran during the enforced leisure of this homeward journey, holding a smoking room audience spellbound with a tale of adventure.

Here is one told by Sir Arthur Hewitt not long ago before a party of interested listeners. A tall, thin, soldierly figure, with a face darkened by close application of the razor, he loomed the giant of the group:

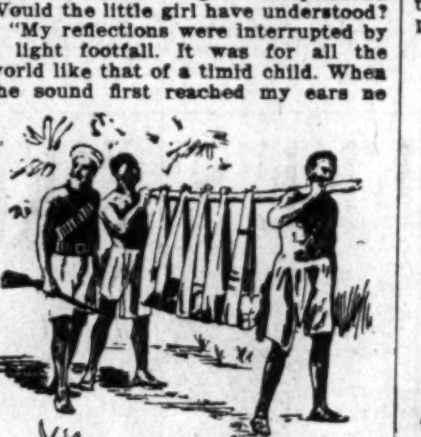
"It happened in Birmania," he began, "between Prome and Rangoon. The country was ravaged at that time by the depredatory bands of Nung Gung Gee, the fiercest native chief we ever had to contend with. I headed a scouting party, and, being overtaken by night at some distance from camp, we lighted fires and lay down to sleep. Some hours later I felt myself lifted bodily from the ground. I had been bound and gagged, and in a short time was a prisoner in the stronghold of Gung himself.

"The next morning they brought me before Gung. The moment he saw me he leered hideously.

"At last," he said, "here is one of those English who are invading our country and would reduce us to slavery." "Gung's followers now blindfolded me. I was thus forced some five miles through the jungle and beaten with sticks all the way. Finally they came to a halt. The bandage was removed from my eyes. Growing accustomed to the light I discovered a tiger trap ahead. I did not immediately comprehend the purpose of my captors. But my uncertainty did not last long.

"The tiger trap was constructed of bamboo. One section of it was cut off from the rest by a network of bamboo rods. This formed the receptacle for the bait. The bait was myself. They stripped me of my clothing, thrust me in and bound me with thongs. Then they made off.

"I did not feel very uneasy at first. For two hours I worked for freedom, but in the end I was forced to admit the hopelessness of the task. Insects alighted on my skin and bit the flesh raw. The sun beat down on my head and into my eyes. I grew faint. Suddenly it occurred to me that a tiger might appear at any moment. However, there was some hope, although the hope was slender. A little native girl had, at the risk of her life, given me a drink of water the day before. This was at a spot near Gung's camp. I bade her hurry off and apprise Captain D'Oyley of my peril. But as the hours wore on I grew despondent. Would the little girl have undertaken the journey? My reflections were interrupted by a light footfall. It was for all the world like that of a timid child. When the sound first reached my ears no



(Taken to the tiger trap.)

suspicion of tigers entered my head. Suddenly a gorgeous shoulder flashed its stripes through the bamboo. One of the largest tigers I had ever seen—and I had seen many—confronted me. "It flashed across my mind that this might not be a man-eating tiger. In that event, it would sniff about the trap and do me no harm. One gigantic paw was raised against the outer door of the trap. The door lifted and fell. The tiger was caught. Only a bamboo piling separated us. The bulky mass advanced toward me. Then the animal stood perfectly motionless.

"My whole body had turned cold, except where the insects left their stings. These raw spots glowed like many tiny coals. I stared straight into the tiger's face, not daring to wink an eyelid. I felt that the first movement would come from the enemy. It did. With a roar, the tiger dashed her whole weight against the bamboo rods. The great claws were thrust through and barely reached me. The tips of them scratched three long streaks in my side. A red tongue was stretched greedily through the bars. There was no doubt now. This was a man-eating tiger.

"The peril gave me inconceivable strength. I tried to burst my bonds. But I suddenly recollected that bursting my bonds would do me little good. I was in a trap, like my enemy. In another moment my portion of the trap would be invaded.

"Suddenly I saw a glimmer of light. A confused sound of voices reached me. They were coming nearer. I heard my name pronounced. They were calling me. My voice refused to issue from my throat. But I knew in that instant that the little girl had given me alarm. I am glad to recall that my first impulse was one of gratitude to her.

"My rescuers dared not shoot the tigress. Gung was in the neighborhood. His hands would have massacred our little company in a moment. It was necessary to attack the tigers with bayonets. It seemed every instant that the trap would give way under the strain of the leaps of the beast. It took almost an hour to effect my rescue. It is strange that the tigers harassed on all sides did not turn and kill me with a stroke of its paw. But the animal lost blood from a hundred wounds. It succumbed. They saved me."

THE MILLIONAIRE COLONY.

Croesuses That Have Recently Gone to New York to Live.

THE LATEST ADDITION.

William A. Clark, of Montana, is the Reputed Possessor of Two Hundred Million—What He Proposes to Lay Out on His New Mansion.

Five hundred million is the round sum by which New York's fashionable society has been enriched by ten new comers within the last five seasons. From the Pacific coast, from the northwest, from the middle west and the middle states these Croesuses have come to add their wealth to the already enormous riches of the millionaire Fifth avenue colony.

They are spending money there in a manner that dazzles even the Vanderbilts and Astors, who have heretofore led the way in lavish outlays. Palaces costing one, two and ten million dollars each, million-dollar yachts, racing stables worth hundreds of thousands, pictures for which scores of thousands each are paid, jewels beyond computation, mark the advent of these newly-arrived multimillionaires.

Probably the most sensational entrance into New York's Fifth avenue coterie is that of Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, the reputed possessor of over two hundred millions.

He is credited with saying that he would spend on millions dollars on a house and its furnishings, that should be the finest in New York.

A balustrade of gold and a silver staircase made from metal taken from his own mines, pillars and wall-scoatings of costly marbles, wall paintings done by famous masters from abroad, to rival the works of art in the palaces of Roman Emperors and Paphian nobles, and pictures and tapestries costing fortunes each. "This is how it is said Senator Clark proposes to lay out ten million dollars on his new mansion. At present only the foundations are being laid at the corner of Fifth avenue and Seventy-seventh street.

When Senator Clark was in Paris last spring he purchased a stained glass window for his house from the Countess de Jauze for \$30,000. This window, which is very old, shows historic Greek figures, and is considered the most beautiful in France.

Mr. Clark also sat for a portrait, which is to adorn his library. Beside the artist, received \$25,000. The Senator offered Prince Murat \$300,000 for the Louis XV. Gobelin tapestries, which the Prince refused.

The multimillionaire then contented himself with buying a Turner picture for \$20,000, and gave corresponding prices for works by Duperre, Corot, Diaz, Rousseau, Jongkind, Daubigny, Boudin, Lepine and other masters.

He also began negotiations in England for the tapestries of the royal suite belonging to the Earl of Coventry, which cost originally \$550,000.

Senator Clark at the same time bought the finest specimens of furniture he could find belonging to the period of Louis Quatorze, Louis



(William A. Clark.)

Quinze, Louis Seize and the Empire. Previous to this it will be remembered that he bought Fortuny's "Choice of a Model" at a New York auction sale for \$42,900.

From this it is imagined what the art treasures will be which will adorn Senator Clark's Fifth avenue house, and how he will spend \$10,000,000 upon it.

The man who can spend money like this has a copper mine, the United Verde, in Arizona, that yields him a million dollars a month clear profit, silver, gold and copper mines in Montana that give him an equal amount, besides cattle ranges, square miles in extent, on the northwestern plains, and sugar, tobacco and coffee plantations in Mexico.

He has refineries and smelters from Montana to the tropics in Western America. He is the largest individual owner of mines and smelters in the world.

Senator Clark's wife died seven years ago. He has no children, but is especially fond of his daughter, Katherine. It is said she will be installed as mistress in his New York palace.

Told on Her Return From New York. A Kansas City woman, whose hair is gray, went to New York recently and took a ride on a trolley car. Both of the side seats of the car were crowded with men. As she stood there, hanging to strap and swinging and jerking with the motion of the car, she observed that all of the men seemed to be entirely hidden behind their newspapers. She thought, as she stood there, that in Kansas City men often rise to give their seats to women. The difference was painful to contemplate. Finally a negro, near the other end of the car, stood up and said:

"Take this seat, lady."

"No," answered the Kansas City woman, with awful distinctness. "I will not take the seat of the only gentleman in the car."

The newspapers dropped suddenly, and six men jumped to their feet. Apparently they had only just seen the gray-haired woman. And she took her choice of seats.—Kansas City Star.

TWO BAD MEN.

They Settled Their Quarrel by Shooting at a Target Instead.

Jim Allison, Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson recently quarreled over a game of cards in John Brennan's saloon on West Madison street. Their dispute was settled by the use of revolvers, and yet without bloodshed. Twenty years ago a row among these three men would have been followed by a list of dead and wounded longer than that recently telegraphed from Frankfort, Ky., where the former congressman used his pistol. But civilization has had its influence upon even the men of the west who made a record as sure shots, and the lie was passed without bloodshed. The game was hearts—only for the drinks—and Allison had led a diamond. Earp played a heart on the trick, and was accused of making a misplay.

"You lie!" exclaimed Allison. In a second two hands reached for revolvers. "Hold on, boys!" shouted Masterson. "This ain't Hasslam Creek. We're not in a Prescott gambling house. If you want to shoot, I'll show you how to do it. If you win, Earp, Allison will have to apologize. If you win, Jim, Earp must acknowledge he's a liar."

The revolvers were not drawn. When Bat Masterson says a thing it generally goes. He filled thirty or forty graves when he was marshal of Dodge City, Kan., and both Earp and Allison were his assistants at the time. They had fought all over the Southwest with him, and they knew that he was prepared to back up any assertion that he made.

Accordingly, when Masterson led the way out of the saloon, Earp and Allison meekly followed him.

"I'm going to let you shoot," remarked the former marshal, as he turned into a shooting gallery.

The figure of a man with a bull's eye marked where his heart ought to have been was swinging lazily to and fro in the foreground. Imitation ducks were flying through the air, and targets of all kinds were presented to view.

The keeper of the place handed Allison a rifle and a pistol. They were toys in appearance, and the big frontiersman smiled with disgust as he looked at them.

"Use your own guns, boys," said Masterson. "You can have 20 shots each. Shoot at the tin man. That's better than killing each other. I'll be referee."

Two murderous-looking navy forty-fives were brought out, and Allison fired six shots from his weapon in quick succession. Each shot struck the flying man in the heart, and the faint tinkle of a bell was heard as the bullet struck. Then Earp's revolver went into action, and each of its bullets found its desired mark.

Masterson applauded the performance, and seemed to derive the utmost amusement from it.

"This reminds me of old times!" he shouted. "You fellows shot that way when we had the fight with the rustlers down in Tombstone. Remember, Jim, you killed three of 'em in quick succession."

For answer Allison let fly his revolver again, and two or three ducks came dropping down. Earp followed his example. The men were interested in their work now, and the quarrel had been forgotten. They shot at every target in the gallery, and their marksmanship was as good as when their lives depended upon it.

Masterson wore a silk hat. Jim winked at Wyatt, and the two quietly stepped back, leaving Bat gazing at the targets and waiting for the next shot.

"Bang!" went the two revolvers in unison, and Masterson's hat flew off his head with two big bullet holes in it.

"You're acting like a tenderfoot," said Earp, "so we treated you like one. Now, I'll admit that I might have been mistaken in the game of cards." "Same here," chimed in Allison, "but I guess you're stuck for three bottles of champagne."

The champagne was drunk, and the men continued their card game for an hour or so, and then took the west-bound train for Denver. Masterson, Allison and Earp are about the only men left of the crowd that helped cultivate respect for the law in frontier settlements. Accurate shots, quick and fearless, they always fought on the side of law and order. Dodge City, Durango, Tombstone, Tucson, Prescott and Phoenix were all brought into subjection by them.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Capt. Bosco's Swimming Cats. "I read a description the other day of the retrieving cat owned by a sportsman on Hetaire Ridge," said a planter from the south coast. "and, while the cat was certainly remarkable, it is completely eclipsed, in my opinion, by a family of swimming cats owned by Capt. Bosco, of Tarpon island. Capt. Bosco is well-known in New Orleans, where he occasionally comes to do some trading, and is immensely popular with the crowd that goes down to the Tarpon Club for periodical outings. He is the kingpin fisherman of Bay Adams, and as quaint and original a character as you could find on the whole coast."

"His swimming cats, about which I started to tell you, belong to a feline tribe that has lived at the captain's place from time out of mind. There are, perhaps, at present a dozen all told, and they have apparently lost every vestige of the natural antipathy of their species for water. They will wade, unhesitatingly, through the shallows on the beach, hunting for small fish, and three or four will actually swim out to nearby jiggers to get oysters. Like all cats, they are very fond of that kind of food, and when the captain's lugger comes in from a visit to the beds several of them are certain to jump off the landing and swim to where it lies at anchor. It is very strange to see them come scrambling on board, mewing and shaking themselves and seemingly as indifferent to the wetting as setter puppies."

"How they developed such an extraordinary trait, I don't pretend to say, but it has probably been a matter of gradual evolution. Capt. Bosco doesn't remember when his cats began to go into the water, but it was many years ago, and with each generation the natural aversion must have become fainter and fainter. It wouldn't surprise me if they developed web feet."—N. O. Times.



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LEGAL NOTICE.

W. C. MARTIN, ATTORNEY.

Estate of Basil Jackson, deceased, No. 8740, Docket 25, Robert T. Douglas has, with the approval of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding a Special Term for Orphans' Court Business, appointed March 22, 1900, at 10 o'clock A. M., as the time, and said Court room as the place, for passing of claims and making payment and distribution under the Court's direction and control, when and where all creditors and persons entitled to distributive shares or legacies or a residue, are notified to attend in person or by agent or attorney duly authorized, with their claims against the estate properly vouched: Provided this order be published once in each of three successive weeks before said day in the "Washington Law Reporter," and The Washington Bee.

SIGNED, February 23, 1900.

APPROVED:

CHARLES C. COLE, Justice.

W. C. MARTIN, Attorney.

LOUIS A. DENT, Register of Wills.

Owing to the cold wave Sunday last there was not a large attendance at the Congressional Lyceum and at the special instance of the president Mr. W. C. Martin, Mrs. Fannie Ware Taylor postponed reading her paper on the importance of art till Sunday March 25th next.

The question as to why the several Lyceums were not more largely attended the educators and the masses of the race was brought up for discussion by the president. The matter was discussed and several reasons pointed out by Miss Mae Jones, Miss Mamie Ware, Mrs. Fannie Ware Taylor Prof. J. L. Pinn and Editor F. G. Manly.

Tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock Mrs. Rosetta E. Lawson will address the Lyceum on "Colored Women in Reform Movements."

THE NEXT DELEGATE.

DR. JOHN E. JONES.—THE MAN THE PEOPLE WANT.—WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR THE POOR.

Everybody in Washington knows Doctor John E. Jones. He has been a resident of this city for thirty years and nearly half that time has been a trusted representative of the city's leading newspaper, The Evening Star. He comes from a family of Ohio Republicans who for many years enjoyed the confidence of the party. After attending the public schools in this city where he carried off many honors he attended college under Prof. John W. Hunt at the old classical high school on 4th street. He finished his education at Georgetown College and began his newspaper career as a reporter. Later he studied medicine and graduated with distinction from the Columbian Medical College in 1897. During his career as a journalist Dr. Jones has ever been mindful of the colored race and has done much by his influence to advance their material interests. He is a member of the Committee on Health of the Board of Trade and a member of the Business Men's Association. Dr. Jones especially endeared himself to the poor of Washington during the great blizzard of 1899. He volunteered to take charge of the distribution of food and clothing to the poor under the direction of The Evening Star, and the hundreds who were fed remember with grateful thanksgiving his words of comfort. And later in the big sleigh filled to the brim with food and clothing how he went into all sections of the city unmindful of the hardships it entailed and succored those who needed assistance. Dr. Jones is a man of pleasing personality kind thoughtful and sympathetic. As a physician he delights in practicing his profession among the poor and has often said that his great and only ambition is to be in a position to confine his entire time to philanthropic medicine. Of the thousands of kindly acts he has done we have not space to speak, but it has never been said that he turned away a deserving man who appealed to him for assistance. In the departments here are many who owe their positions to him, and enjoying as he does the confidence of the big republican machine leader he is eminently qualified to represent the Republicans of Washington at the next National convention.

MR. HELLER.

Elsewhere in this paper you will see the advertisement of Mr. Heller, 720 7th street, northwest. Mr. Heller has received letters from many states South from persons who have used his hair preparation and say that no better goods are sold in the market.

Another lady from South Carolina wrote him a few days ago and informed him that she saw his advertisement in The Bee and requested him to send some of his hair preparation at once. You should use it and if it doesn't do as Mr. Heller says he will refund your money.

FIGHT FOR DELEGATES.

The fight for delegates to the next national republican convention will be a hot one.

Among some of the men who will ask the people to vote for them are: Col. L. M. Saunders, Ex-Collector of Taxes John F. Cook, who owns more property than any other Negro in the city and is considered wealthy; Dr. C. B. Purvis, formerly Surgeon-in-Chief of the Freedmen's Hospital; Rev. Geo. W. Lee, pastor of the 5th Baptist Church, Geo. E. Emmons, Perry H. Carson and W. Calvin Chase. Candidates for alternates are: L. H. Peterson, Dr. J. E. Young, Daniel Murray, Ex-Capt. James A. Perry, James Turner, E. W. Welburn, and H. G. Haney.

The funeral of Rev. G. W. Berkeley was largely attended last Monday afternoon. It took place from the Vt. Ave. Baptist church.

Miss Blanche Coleman was highly congratulated for the excellent manner in which she rendered "Chauson des Alps," a difficult instrumental solo.

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TWO FRANK BEGGARS.

How They Got the Price of a Drink From a Brooklynite.

"Good evenin' to yer, boss." "Good evening," surveying the well-knit figure and wondering what his chances would be in a rough and tumble fight.

"I think you see me and my pard standin' in that there doorway back there when you was passin' along, didn't yer?"

"Yes; I noticed somebody standing there."

"And yer took notice that we was havin' our little snack together, didn't yer?"

"Yes, I saw you were eating a loaf of bread between you. What of it?"

"That's jest it. Well, I'll tell yer. I says to my pard when I see you passin' by, I say: 'Now there goes a gent what's got the price of a drink in his clothes fer you and me,' I says, 'and he won't be no ways mean about givin' it up if he's touched right,' I says. And pard says: 'I guess yer right about that, pard,' he says, 'an' you jest go and hit 'em, an' I be along presently,' he says."

This was decidedly something new, and our friend removed his cigar and surveyed "pard" interestedly, as he continued:

"I want ter have yer meet pard, boss. Say! There's the brightest feller in all Noo Yawk, there is! But he's a bit lame, is pard, and so I come along ahead. But he's comin' now—"

The smaller of the two figures, somewhat bent to one side and leaning heavily on a cane, approached, and was duly presented:

"Gent, this is pard, pard, gent."

"Pard" touched his battered hat respectfully, said "Good evenin', gent," very pleasantly, and then relapsed into silence.

"As I was saying, I said to pard that you was a gent what had the price of a drink, didn't I, pard?"

"That's about right, gent."

"An' so we concluded to brace yer fer the price of a couple of beers, an' an'—I guess that's about all there is in it."

"Well," said the "gent," you're an ingenious pair of beggars, and I don't see very well how I can refuse you. I suppose you haven't change for a bill, have you?"

"What's the figger?" very gravely.

"A fiver."

"No-o—leastwise not in these close," with just the suspicion of a smile.

"Very well, you just come along with me and I'll get the bill broken in this cafe on the corner and fix you out."

"Thanks, gent." And the two followed at a respectful distance and camped down in front of the saloon while the "gent" went in and bought a cigar. When he came out he handed a quarter to the principal speaker, with the remark: "There's the price of several drinks for you and 'pard' for your combined honesty."

"Thanks, gent, thanks. We didn't expect so much; that's straight; did we pard? Ar' we're much obliged to yer, ain't we, pard?"

"We are," said "pard."

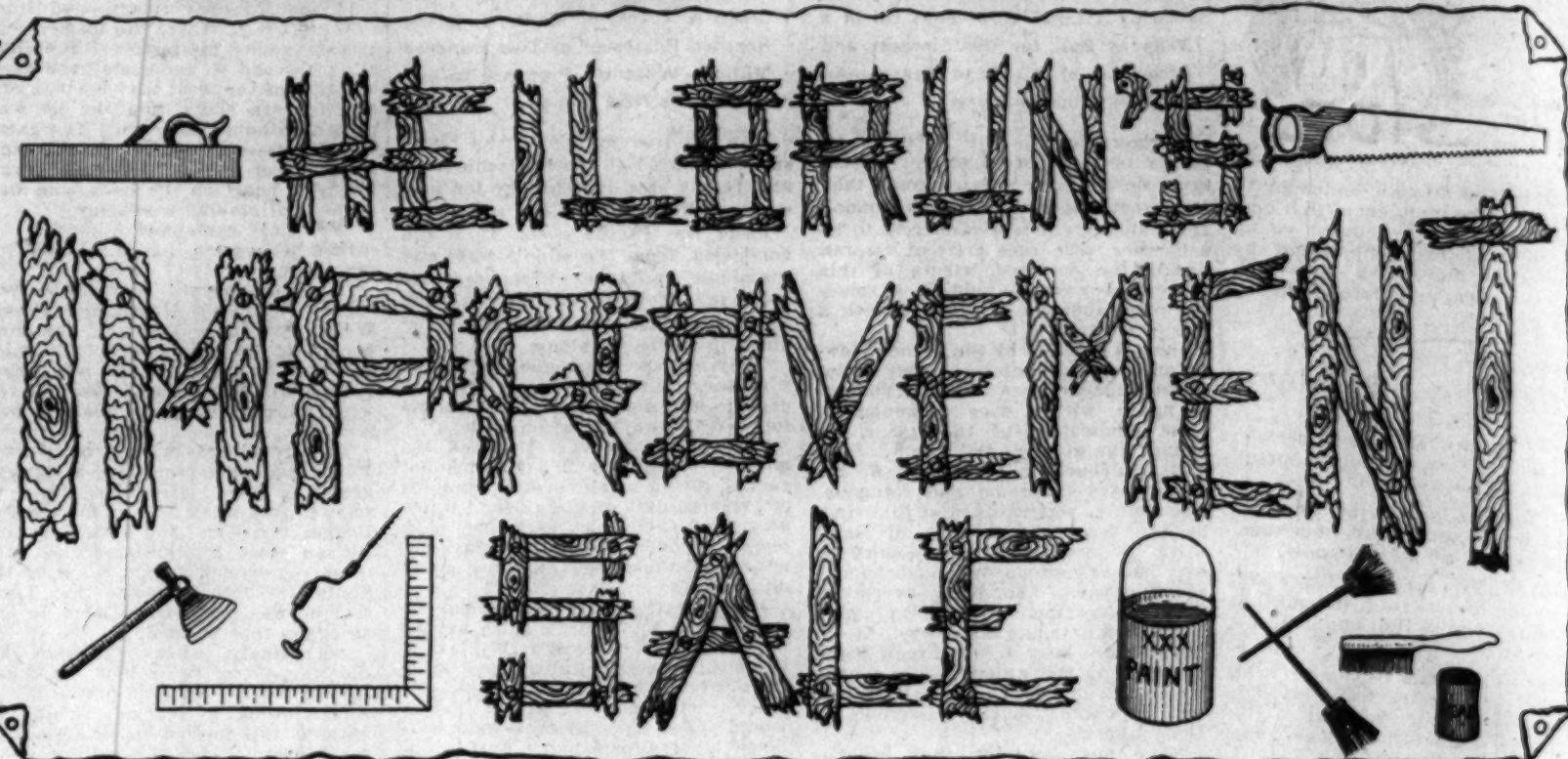
"Good evenin' and good luck to yer, gent."

"Good evening, boys." And the two disappeared through the swinging doors.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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